

**MARVEL**®



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# DAREDEVIL®

**THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

**\$1.00 US**  
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**270**  
**SEPT**  
**CC 02459**

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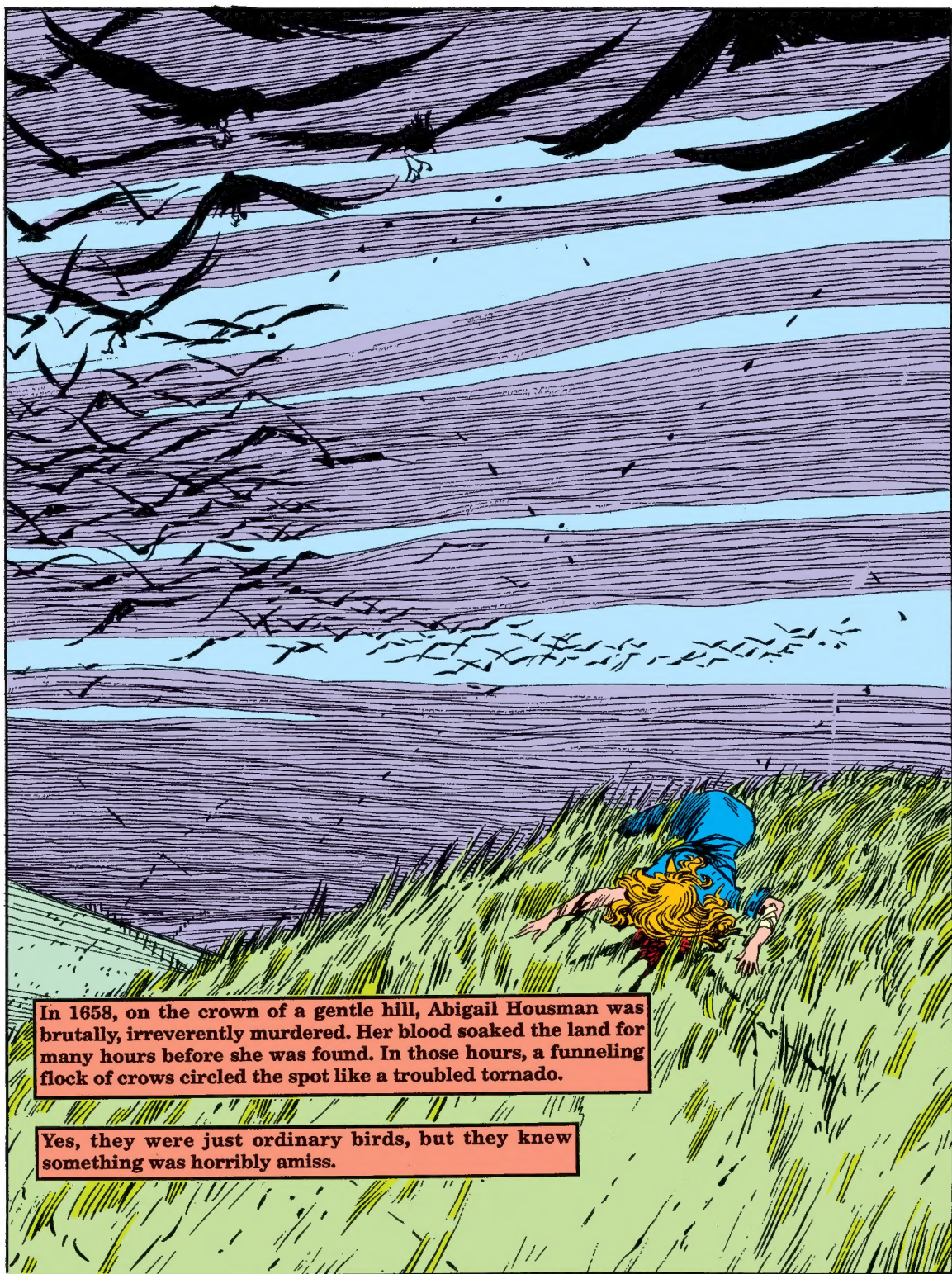
introducing--the  
**MACABRE MENACE OF  
BLACKHEART!**

**GUEST-STARRING:**  
THE AMAZING  
**SPIDER-MAN!**



JR. JR.  
SW





In 1658, on the crown of a gentle hill, Abigail Housman was brutally, irreverently murdered. Her blood soaked the land for many hours before she was found. In those hours, a funneling flock of crows circled the spot like a troubled tornado.

Yes, they were just ordinary birds, but they knew something was horribly amiss.

**Stan Lee**  
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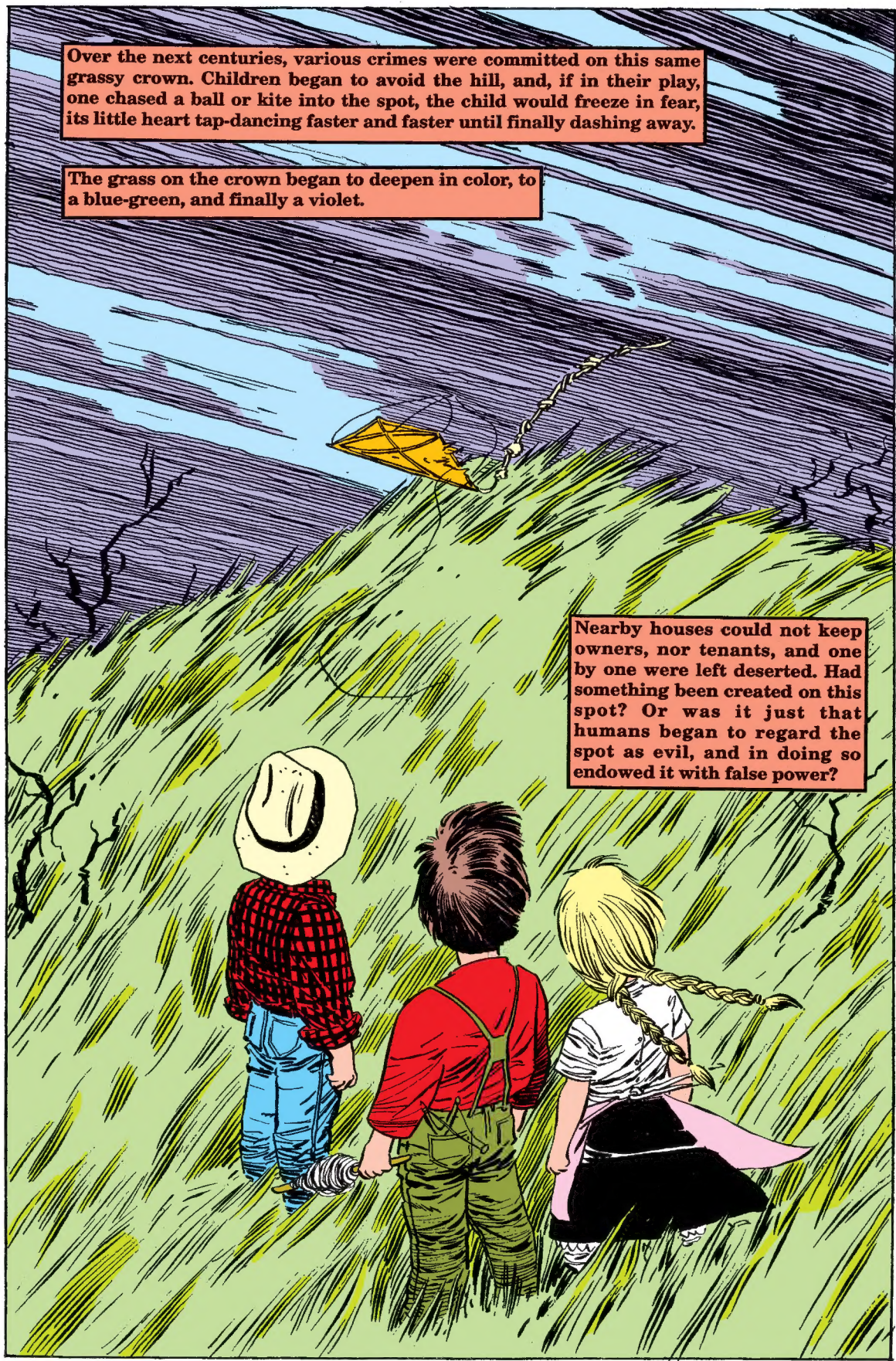
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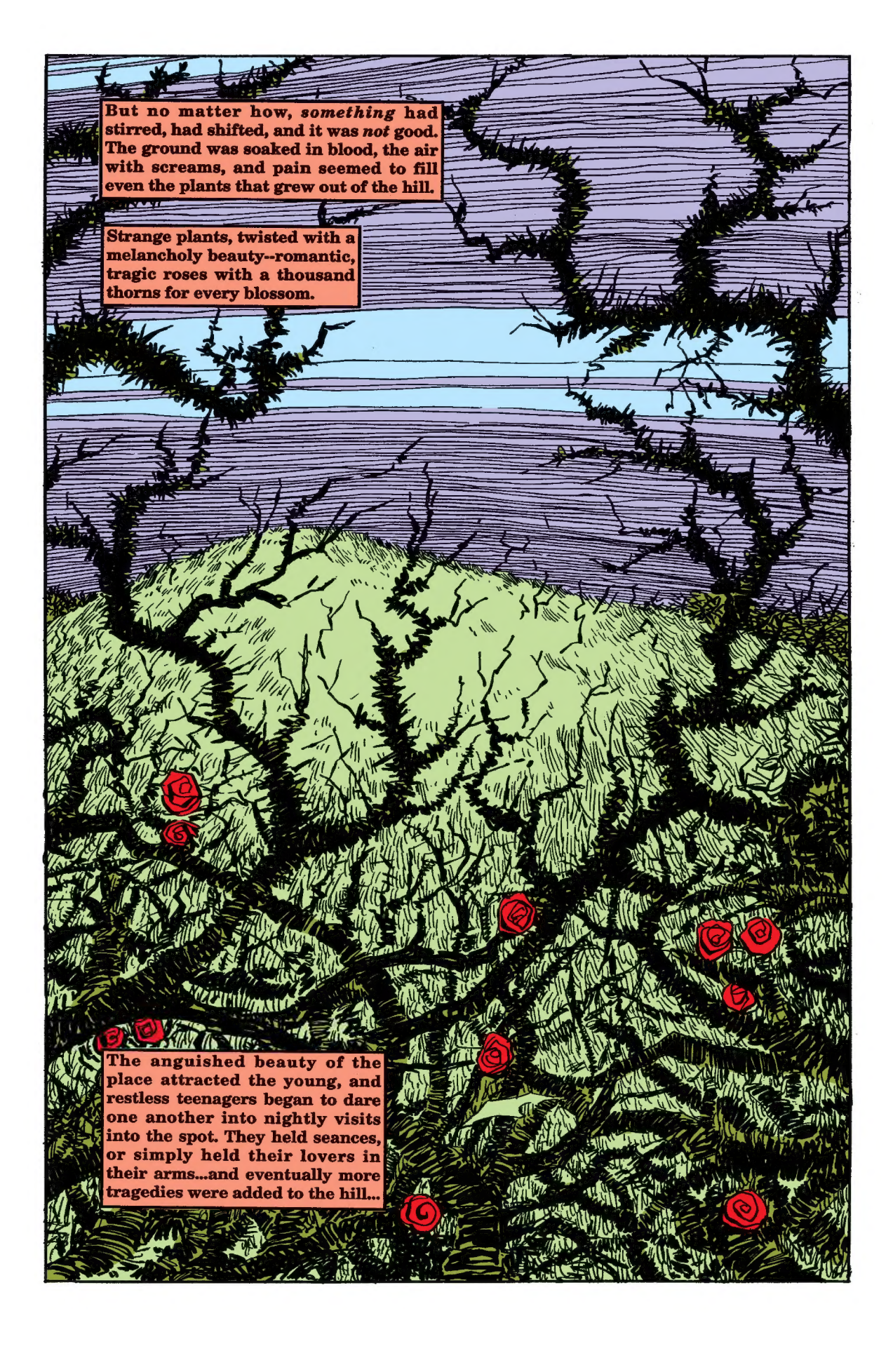
Over the next centuries, various crimes were committed on this same grassy crown. Children began to avoid the hill, and, if in their play, one chased a ball or kite into the spot, the child would freeze in fear, its little heart tap-dancing faster and faster until finally dashing away.

The grass on the crown began to deepen in color, to a blue-green, and finally a violet.

Nearby houses could not keep owners, nor tenants, and one by one were left deserted. Had something been created on this spot? Or was it just that humans began to regard the spot as evil, and in doing so endowed it with false power?





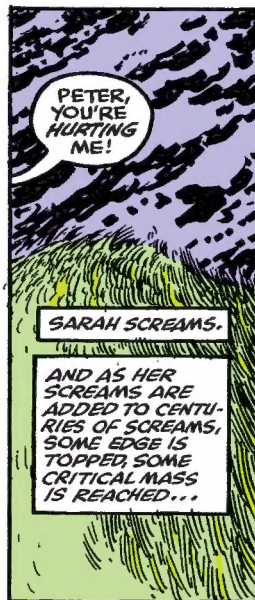
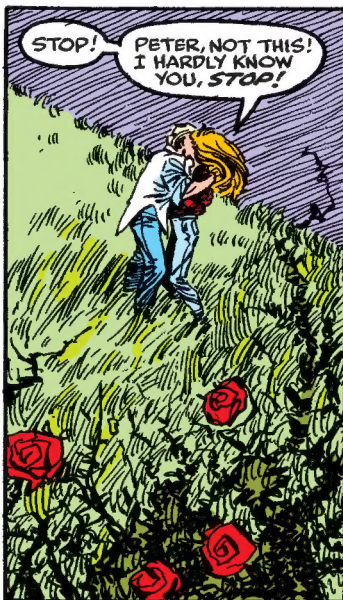
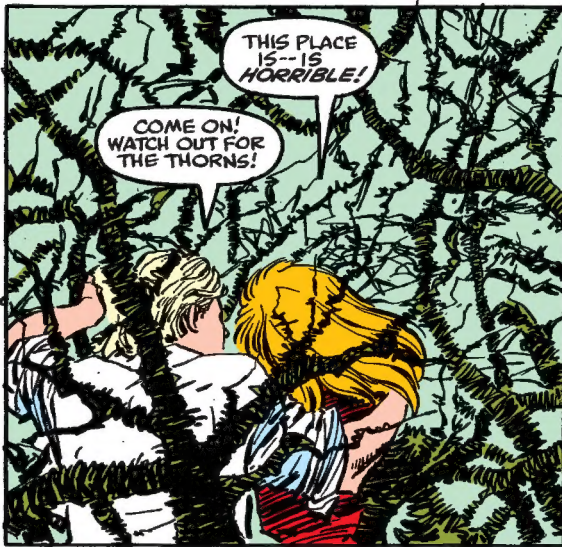
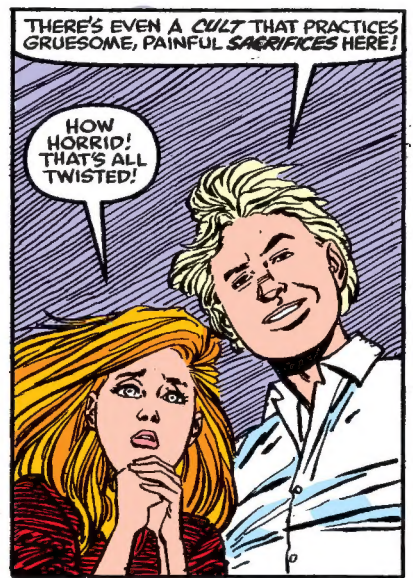
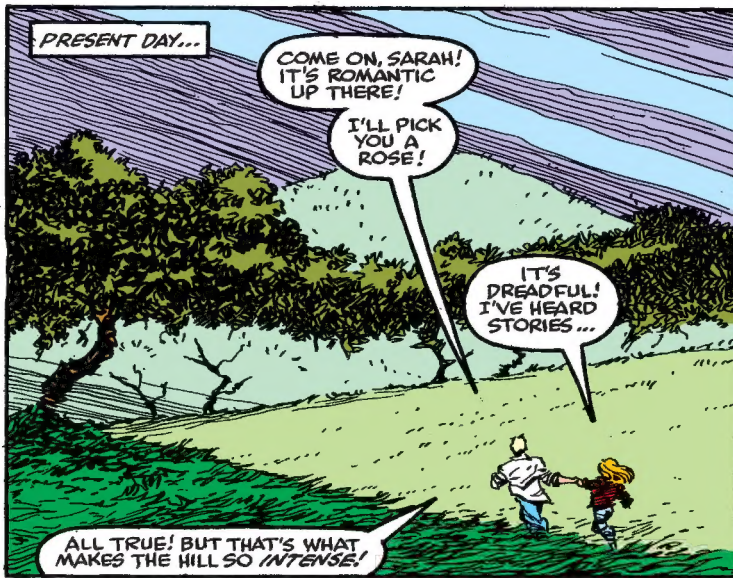


But no matter how, *something* had stirred, had shifted, and it was *not* good. The ground was soaked in blood, the air with screams, and pain seemed to fill even the plants that grew out of the hill.

Strange plants, twisted with a melancholy beauty--romantic, tragic roses with a thousand thorns for every blossom.

The anguished beauty of the place attracted the young, and restless teenagers began to dare one another into nightly visits into the spot. They held seances, or simply held their lovers in their arms...and eventually more tragedies were added to the hill...







# BLACKHEART!



THERE IS POWER,  
AND YET IT IS AS  
KNOTTED AND  
TWISTED AS AN  
ANCIENT TREE, AS  
IF THE CREATURE  
IS IN CONSTANT  
AGONY.

HIS MUSCLES TWIST  
LIKE BARBED WIRE,  
AS IF SO MUCH  
POWER COULD ONLY  
BE PAINFUL.

HIS EYES BURN  
RED--TRAGIC,  
HOLLOW, DRIP-  
PING EYES THAT  
HAVE NEVER  
KNOWN SLEEP.

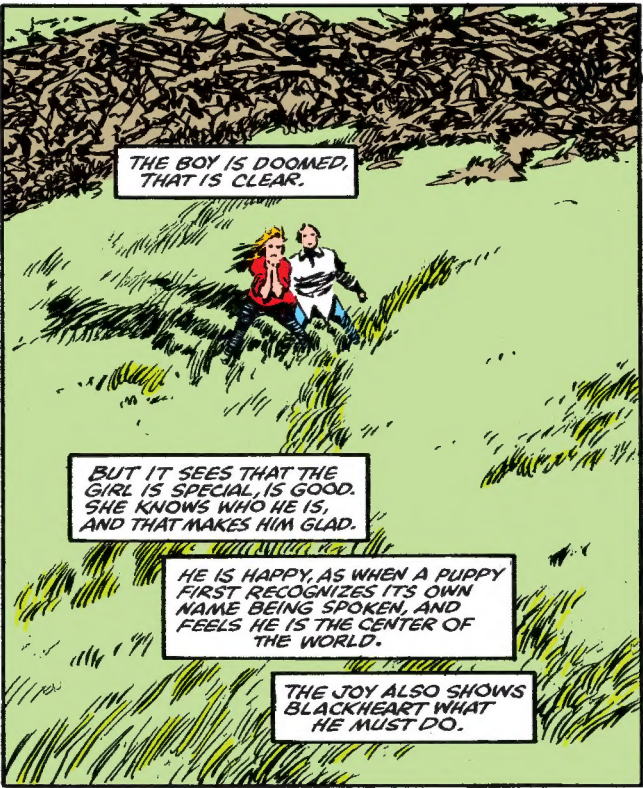
THERE IS A STENCH, LIKE THAT OF  
SMOKING, BURNING INK, YET IT IS  
MIXED WITH THE SWEET SCENT  
OF ROSE.

SARAH LOOKS IN AWE AT THE CREATURE, WITH AN ALMOST RELIGIOUS  
WONDER, AND KNOWS THAT THIS BURNING BLACK EMBER WAS FLUNG  
FROM THE FIRES OF HADES ITSELF.





AND THE BLACKHEARTED ONE  
TURNS ITS BLINDING DARKNESS  
ON THEM, TO SEE WHO THEY ARE.



THE BOY IS DOOMED,  
THAT IS CLEAR.

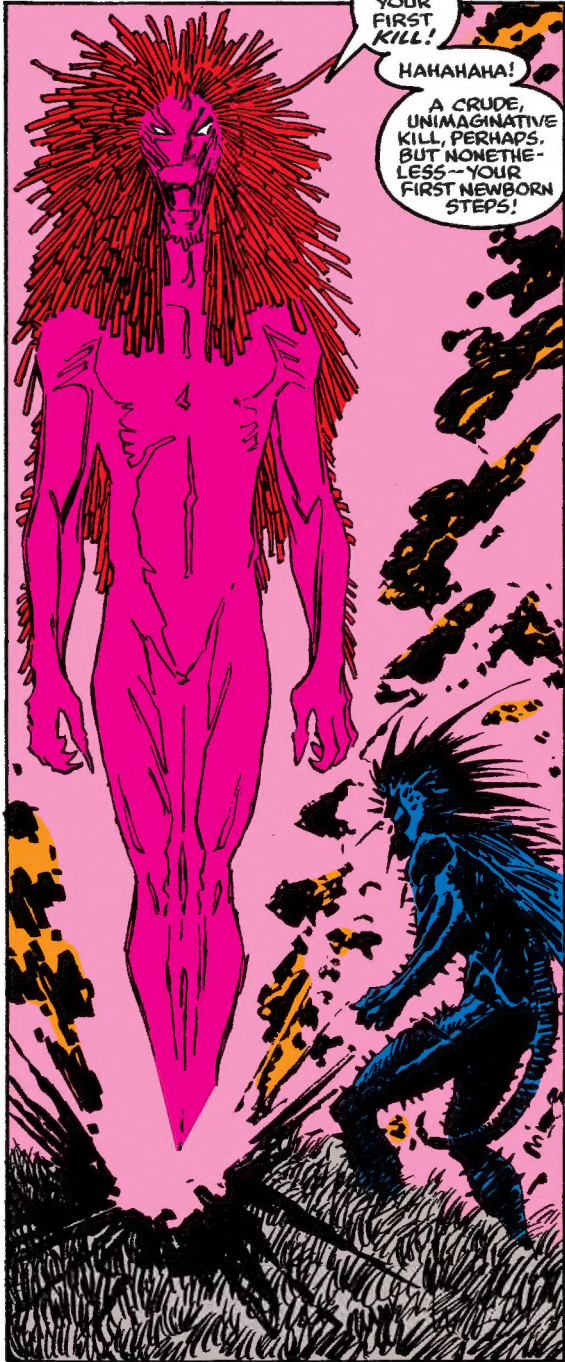
BUT IT SEES THAT THE  
GIRL IS SPECIAL, IS GOOD.  
SHE KNOWS WHO HE IS,  
AND THAT MAKES HIM GLAD.

HE IS HAPPY, AS WHEN A PUPPY  
FIRST RECOGNIZES ITS OWN  
NAME BEING SPOKEN, AND  
FEELS HE IS THE CENTER OF  
THE WORLD.

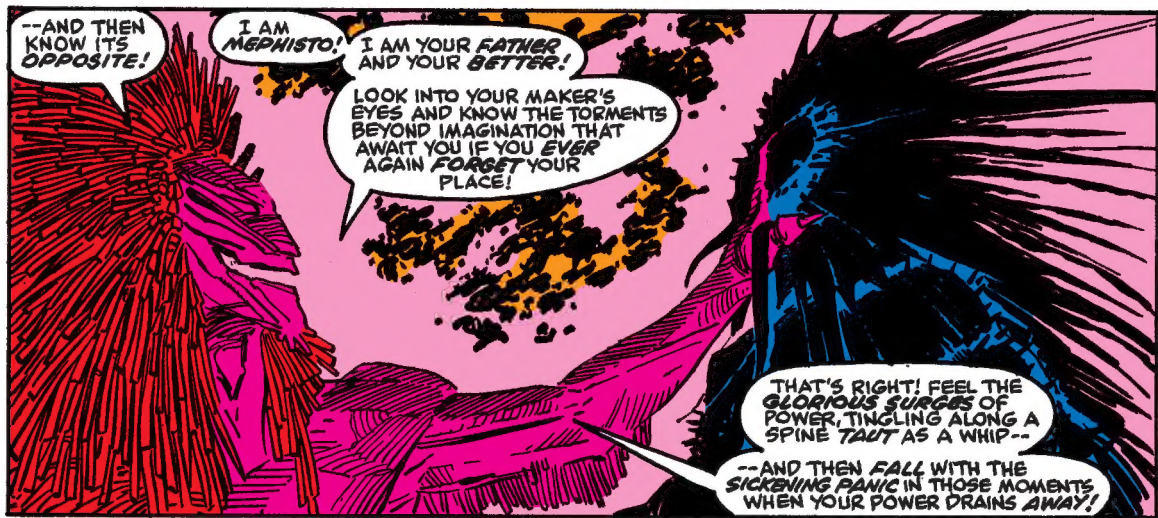
THE JOY ALSO SHOWS  
BLACKHEART WHAT  
HE MUST DO.











--AND THEN  
KNOW ITS  
OPPOSITE!

I AM  
MEPHISTO!

I AM YOUR FATHER  
AND YOUR BETTER!

LOOK INTO YOUR MAKER'S  
EYES AND KNOW THE TORMENTS  
BEYOND IMAGINATION THAT  
AWAIT YOU IF YOU EVER  
AGAIN FORGET YOUR  
PLACE!

THAT'S RIGHT! FEEL THE  
GLORIOUS SURGES OF  
POWER, TINGLING ALONG A  
SPINE TAUT AS A WHIP--

--AND THEN FALL WITH THE  
SICKENING PANIC IN THOSE MOMENTS  
WHEN YOUR POWER DRAINS AWAY!



YOU WILL BECOME QUITE INTIMATE WITH THIS  
PENDULUM OF SWINGING FEELINGS! YOUR OWN  
DARK HEART BEATS THIS PACE FOR YOU!

IT IS THE PAIN  
THAT COMES WITH  
REACHING FOR  
GODHOOD!



BUT YOU ARE  
AN INFANT TO  
THE WAYS OF  
EVIL. TO MERELY  
KILL-- THAT  
IS AS COMMON  
AS MAN.

EXPLORE MORE  
SUBLIME FORMS  
OF EVIL! IF YOU  
HAD LURED THAT  
GOOD WOMAN  
INTO KILLING  
YOU-- NOW THAT  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN VICTORI-  
OUS!

NOW RELAX,  
AND ALLOW ME  
TO MOLD YOUR  
VISAGE.



YOU MUST  
WALK AMONG  
MEN IN THIS FORM,  
FOR THE EYES OF  
MEN DIMINISH  
EVIL.

IF TOO MANY  
SEE YOUR  
TRUE FORM,  
YOU LOSE  
POWER.



EVIL GROWS  
AND FLOURISHES  
WHEN HIDDEN  
AND COVERT,  
DIES WHEN  
EXPOSED  
AND LOOKED  
AT.

BUT  
REMEMBER  
THIS--





"WHEN YOU SEE  
A WORTHY FOE,  
YOU MAY REVEAL  
YOUR TRUE SELF..."

I FEEL  
GREAT!

I'M GETTING  
MY BODY BACK  
INTO TOP  
FORM--

--PERHAPS  
MY MIND  
WILL FOLLOW.

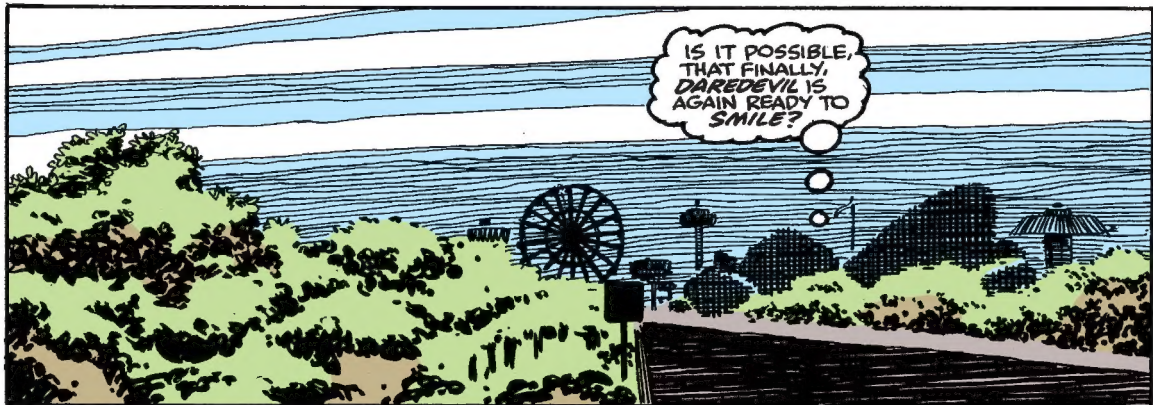
THESE PAST MONTHS  
HAVE NEARLY SHATTERED  
ME. THAT *TYPHOID* WITCH  
MANIPULATED ME INTO AN  
EMOTIONAL MESS...

THEN TO BE *PHYSICALLY*  
CRUSHED BY A HORDE OF  
OLD FOES UNDER *TYPHOID*'S  
COMMAND, RECOVERING  
ONLY IN TIME FOR THE  
FIRES OF THE *INFERNO*...

LOSING EVERYTHING I  
LOVED, I COULDN'T BEAR  
TO STAY IN HELL'S KITCHEN,  
AMONG MY OWN *ASHES*...

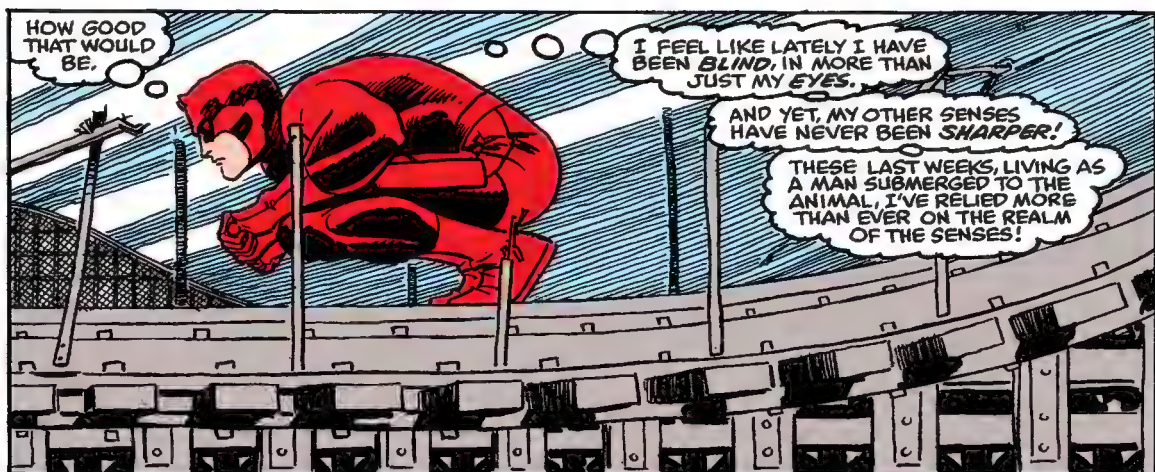
I GUESS I HIT THE  
ROAD LIKE A MIND-  
LESS ZOMBIE, A  
*CATATONIC*.

THESE LAST FEW  
WEEKS ARE DIM  
MEMORIES, AS IF I  
SLEEPWALKED  
THROUGH THEM.

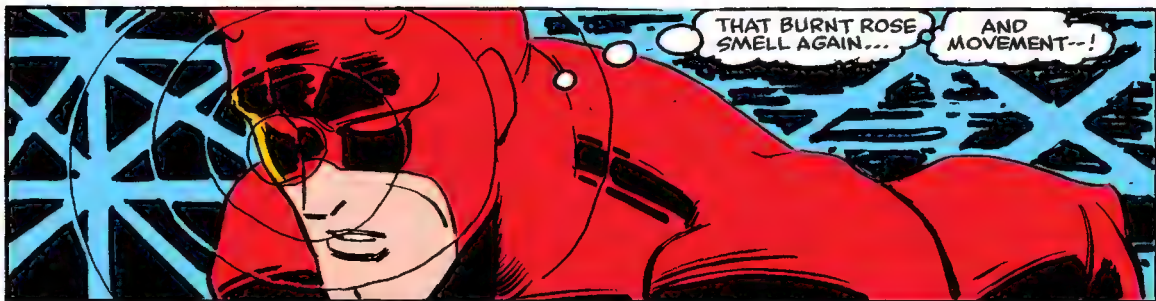


IS IT POSSIBLE,  
THAT FINALLY,  
*DAREDEVIL* IS  
AGAIN READY TO  
SMILE?



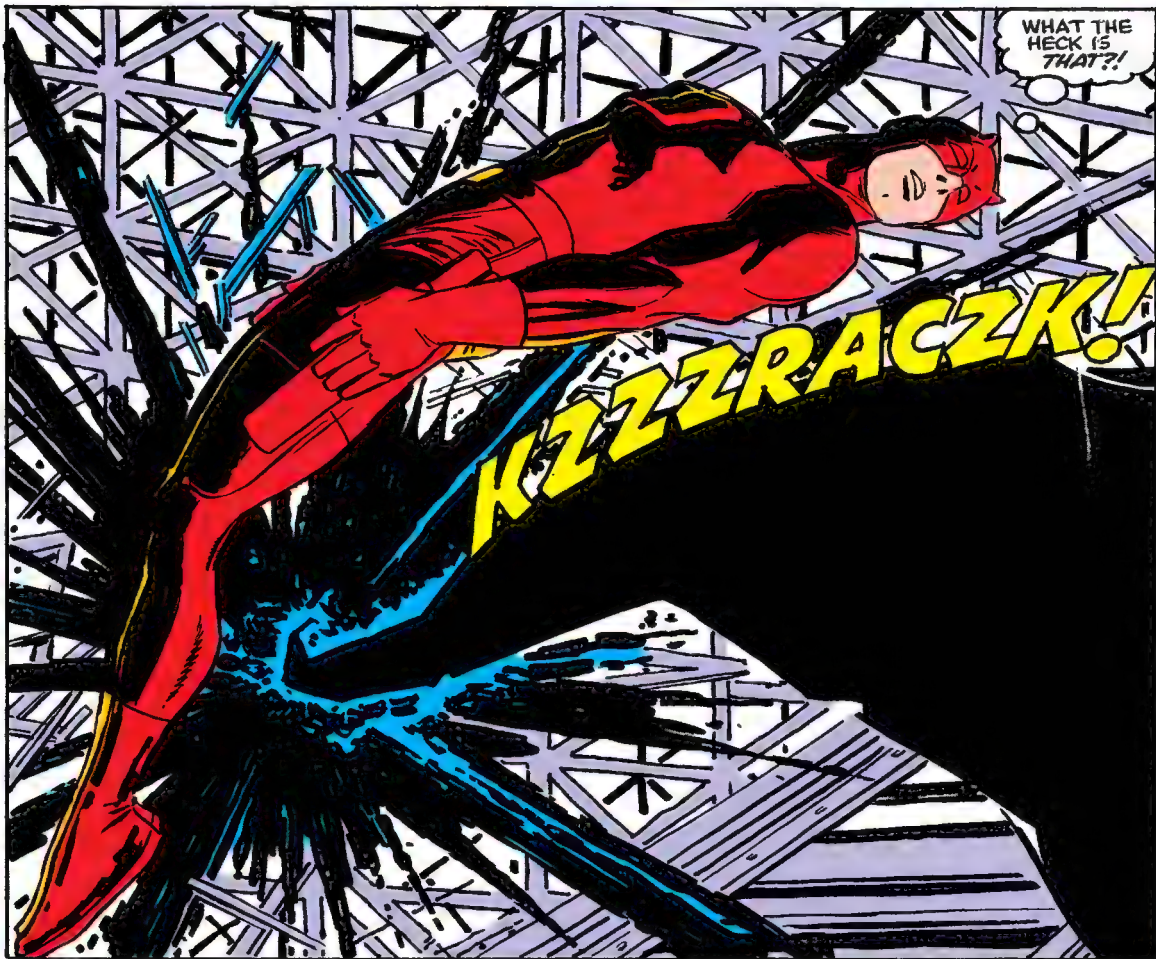






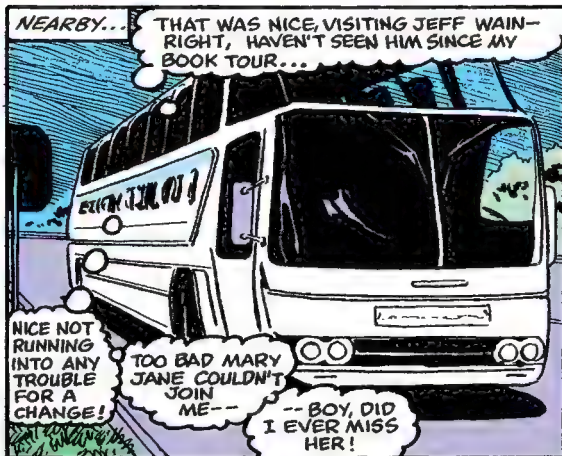
THAT BURNT ROSE  
SMELL AGAIN...

AND  
MOVEMENT--!



WHAT THE  
HECK IS  
THAT?!

**KZZZRACZK!**



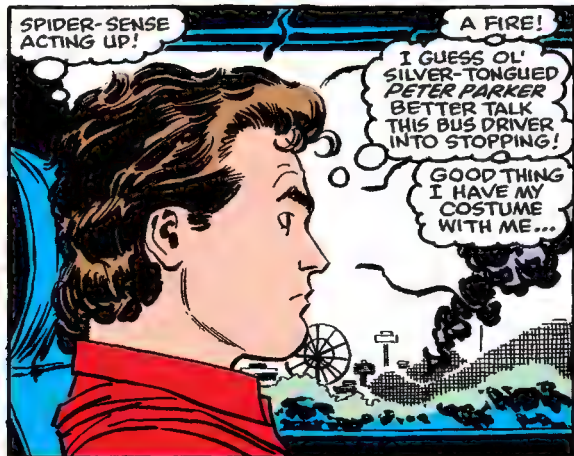
NEARBY...

THAT WAS NICE, VISITING JEFF WAIN-  
RIGHT, HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE MY  
BOOK TOUR...

NICE NOT  
RUNNING  
INTO ANY  
TROUBLE  
FOR A  
CHANGE!

TOO BAD MARY  
JANE COULDN'T  
JOIN  
ME--

-- BOY, DID  
I EVER MISS  
HER!



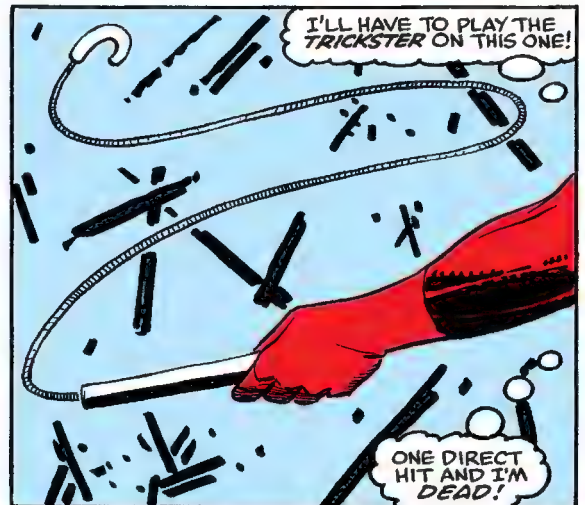
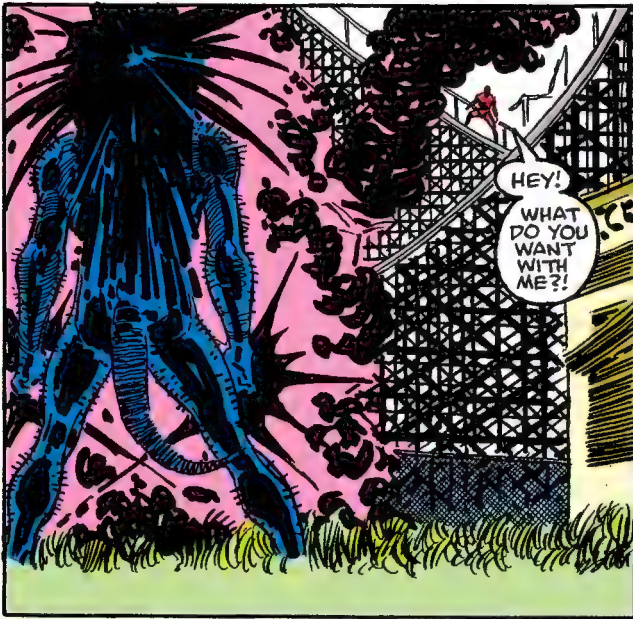
SPIDER-SENSE  
ACTING UP!

A FIRE!

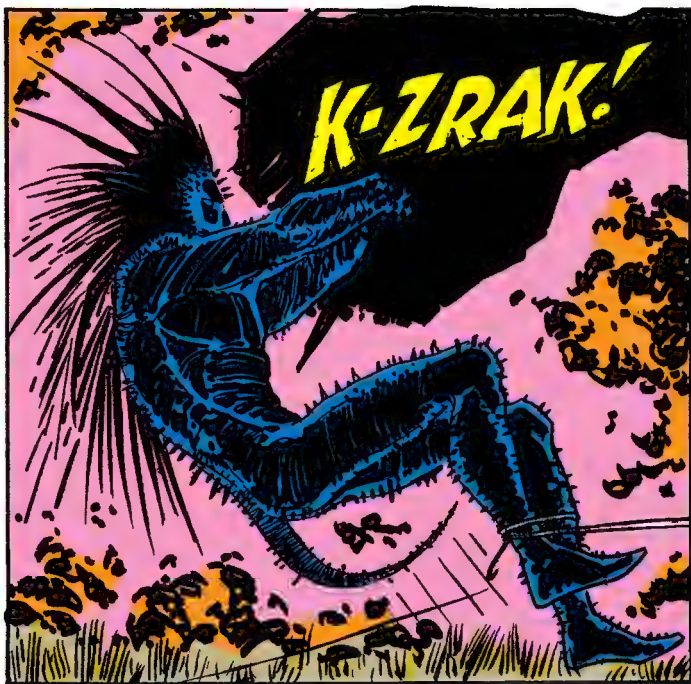
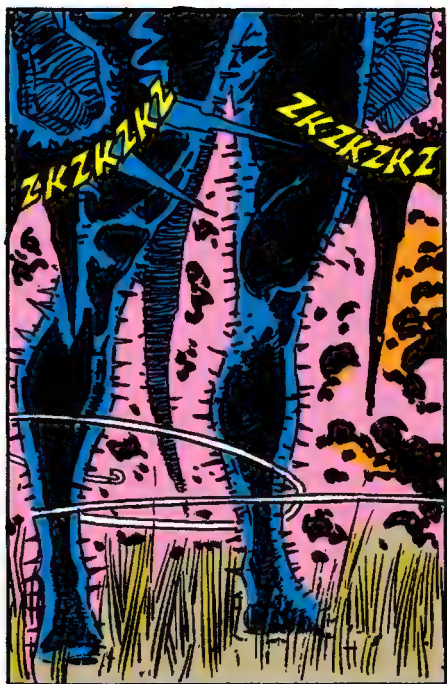
I GUESS OL'  
SILVER-TONGUED  
PETER PARKER  
BETTER TALK  
THIS BUS DRIVER  
INTO STOPPING!

GOOD THING  
I HAVE MY  
COSTUME  
WITH ME...





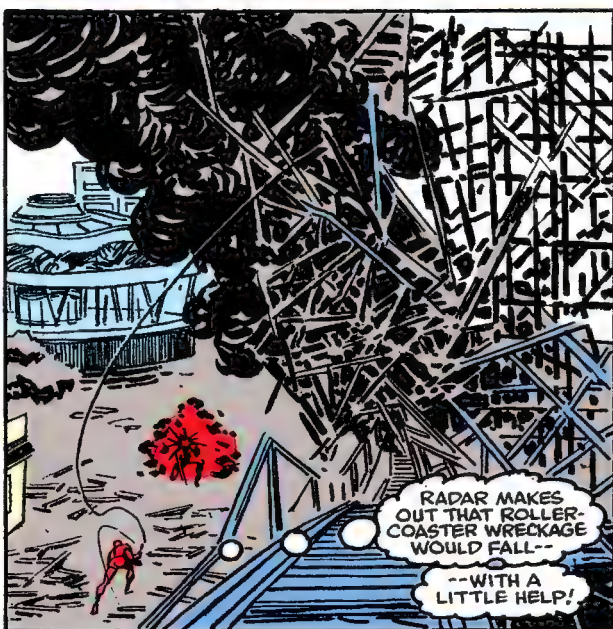




SENSES REELING... SOMETHING'S  
MAKING ME SICK... HIS ENERGY,  
HIS STENCH, SO REVOLTING...

... ONLY A FEW TIMES IN MY  
LIFE HAVE I FELT THIS--

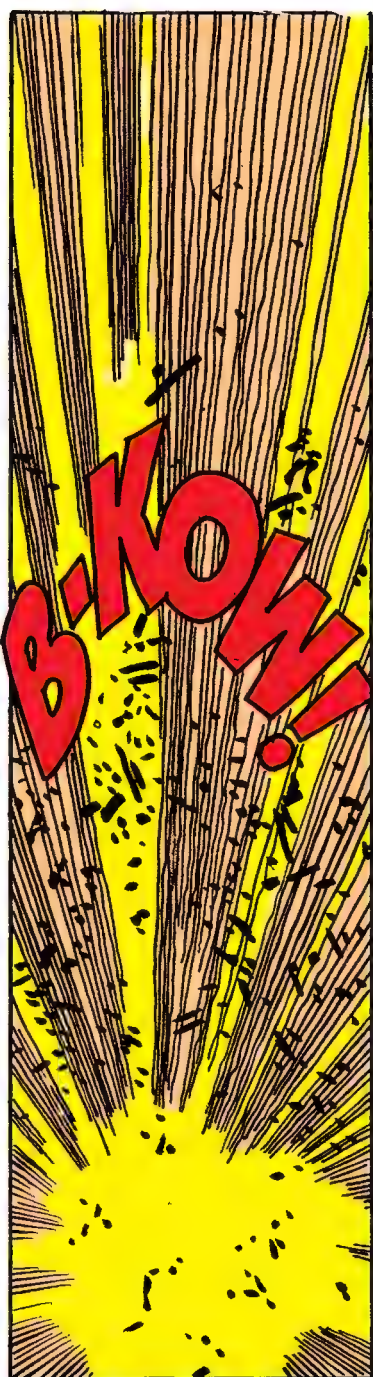
--AND ALWAYS WHEN CON-  
FRONTED WITH SOMETHING  
COMPLETELY EVIL.



RADAR MAKES  
OUT THAT ROLLER-  
COASTER WRECKAGE  
WOULD FALL--

--WITH A  
LITTLE HELP!

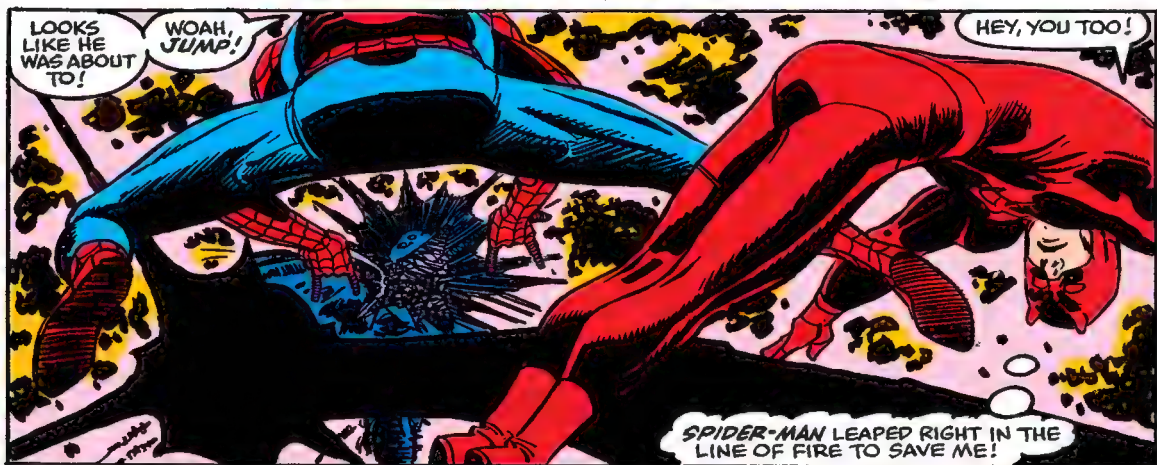
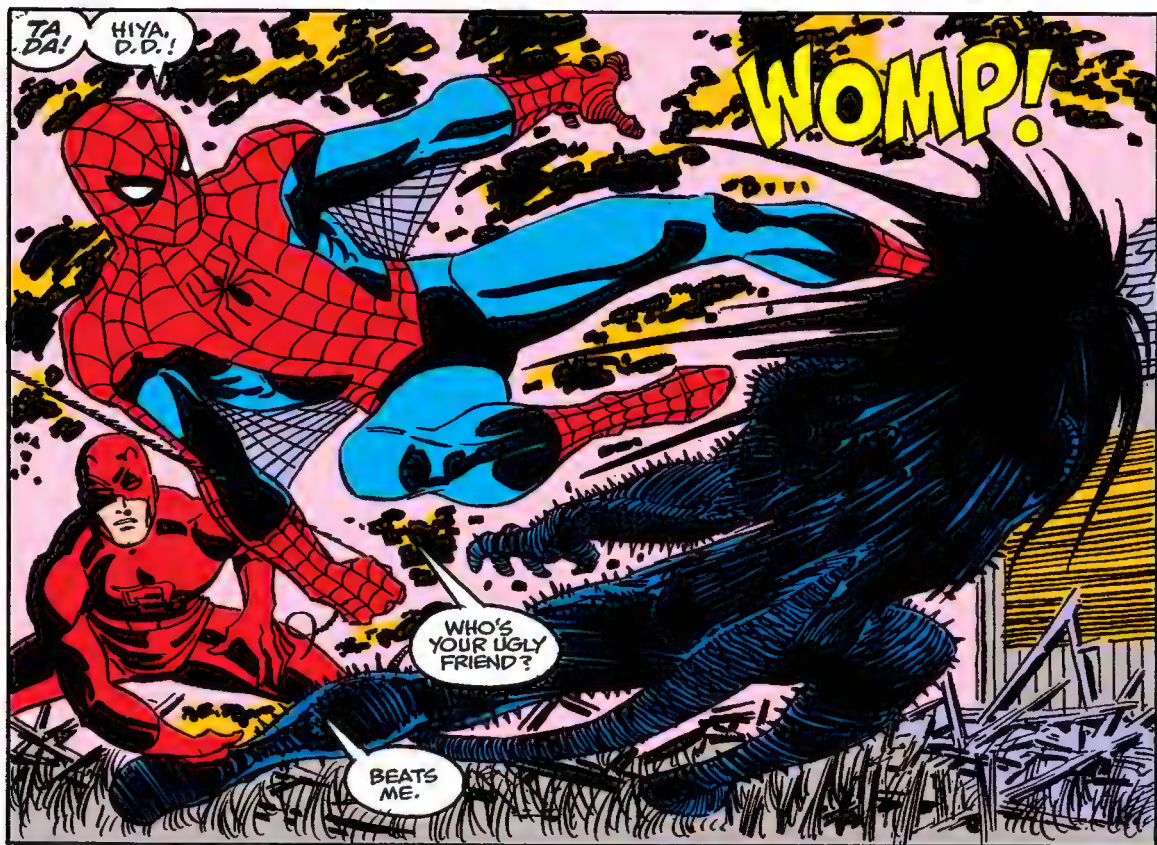




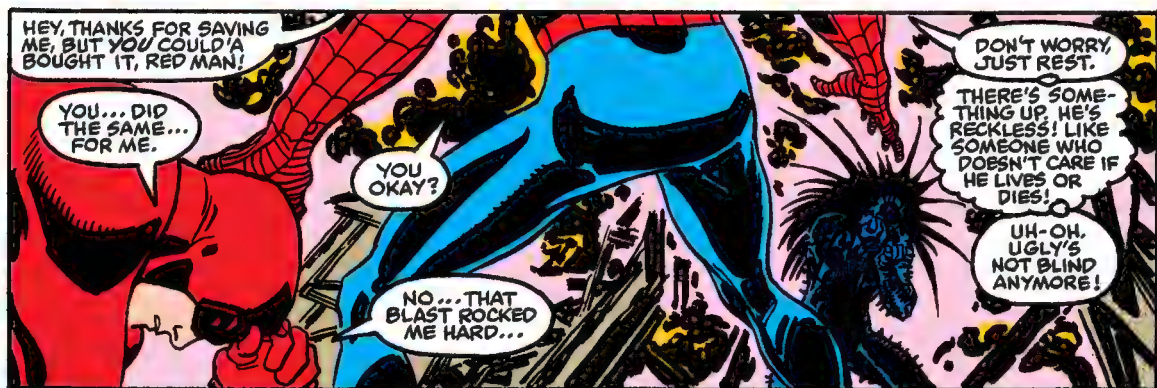
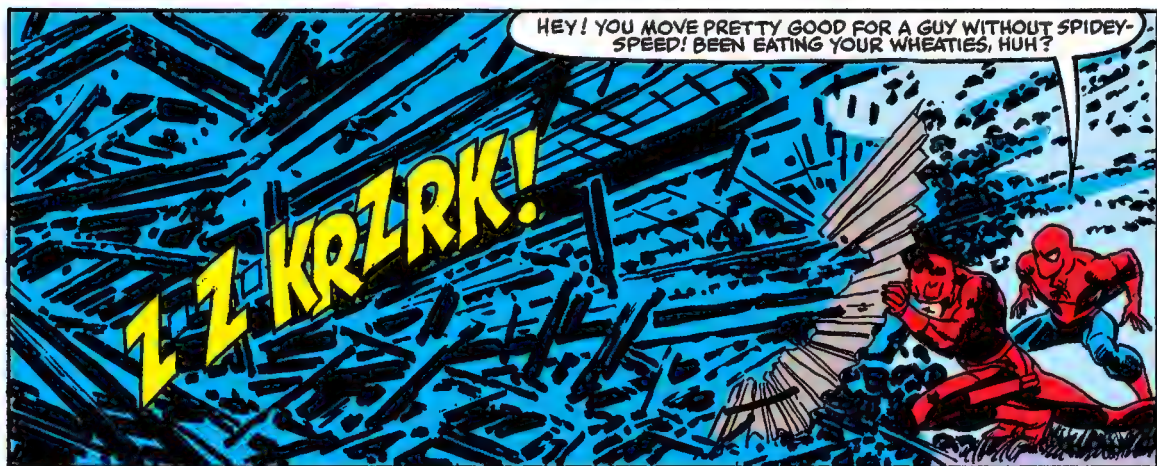
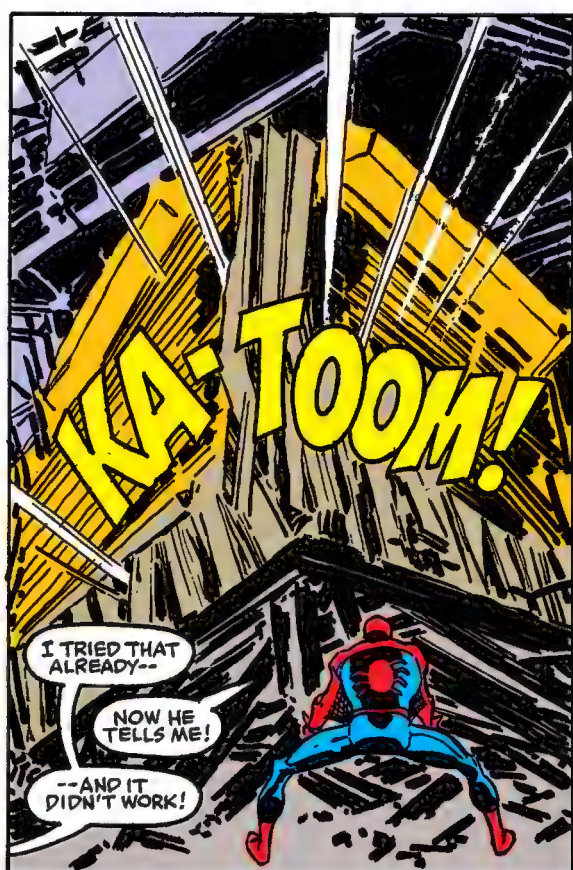














A full-page comic book illustration depicting a fierce battle between Spider-Man and the symbiote Venom. Spider-Man, in his iconic red and blue suit, is shown in mid-air, dodging a massive, dark blue, tentacle-like limb of Venom. The background is a light pinkish-purple with dark, swirling smoke or debris. In the bottom right corner, another Spider-Man is crouched on the ground, looking up at the towering monster. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

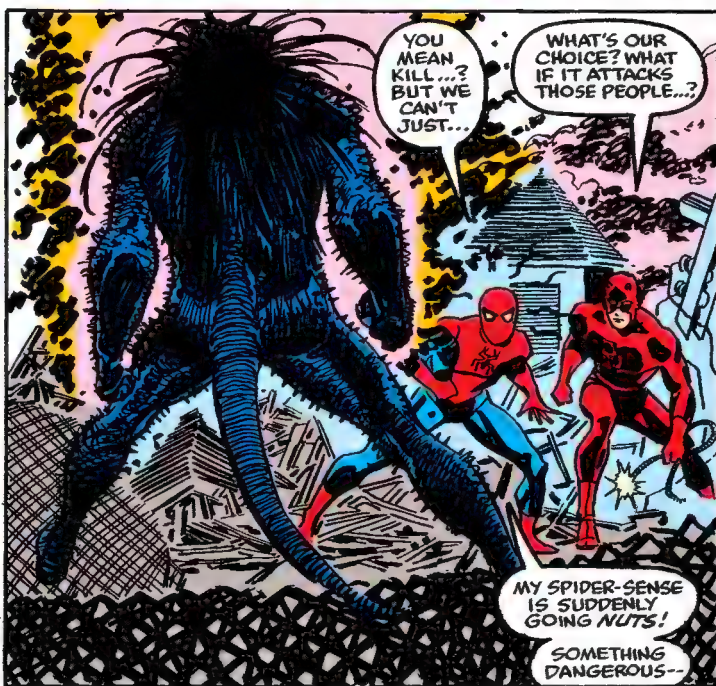
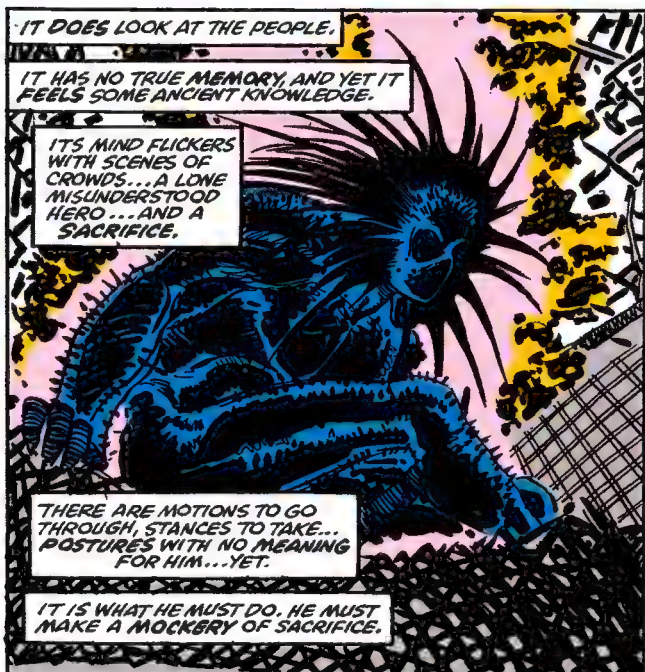
**KRAK!**

THIS ISN'T WORKING!  
NO MATTER WHAT WE  
HIT HIM WITH, HE  
KEEPS COMING!

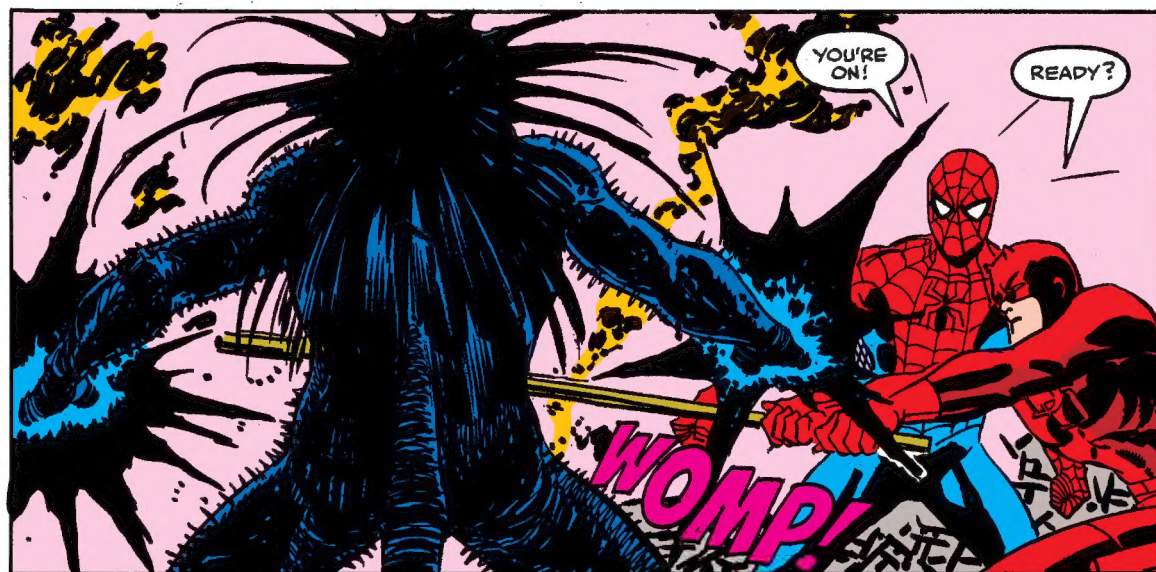
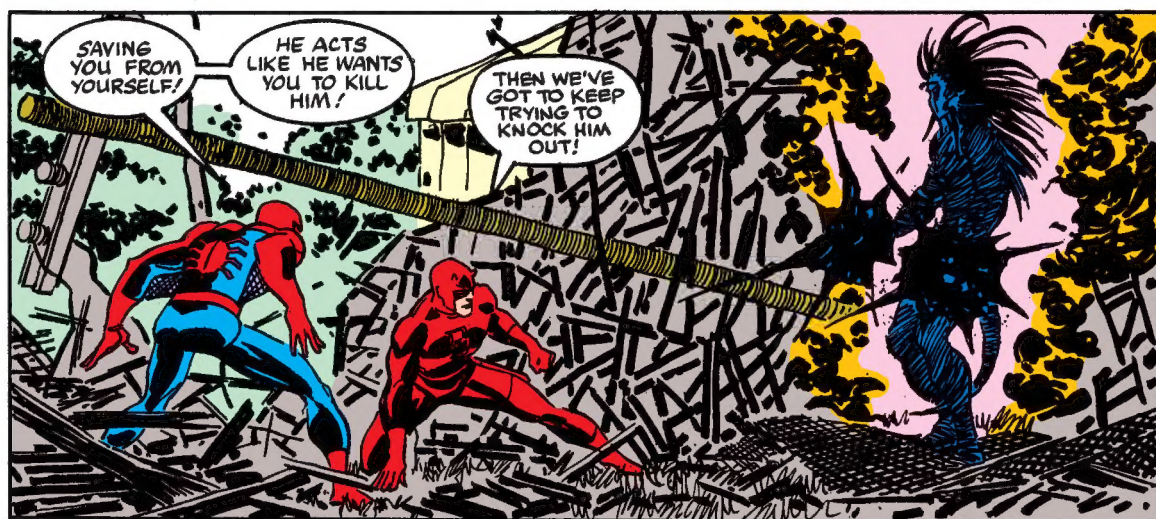
HE'S **CONFUSED**...  
LIKE AN ANIMAL...  
OR A CHILD...

BUT... TOO POWERFUL TO FOOL  
WITH, AND POWERED BY SOME-  
THING IRREPRESSIBLY **DARK**.  
I CAN FEEL IT IN MY GUT---  
MY SOUL.

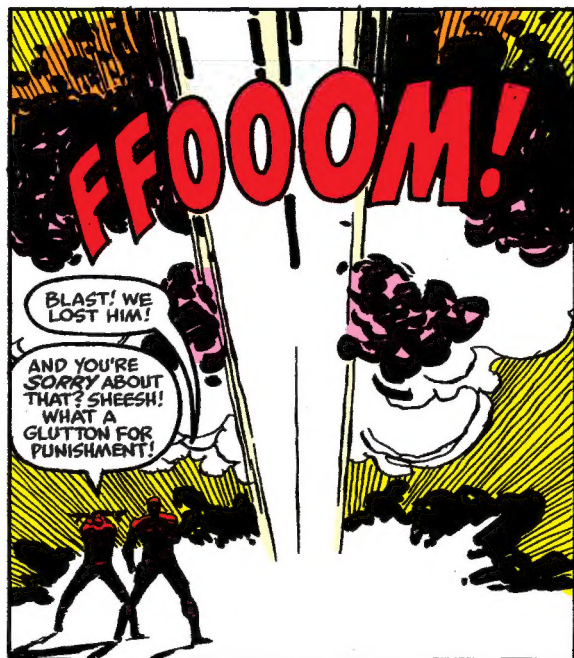
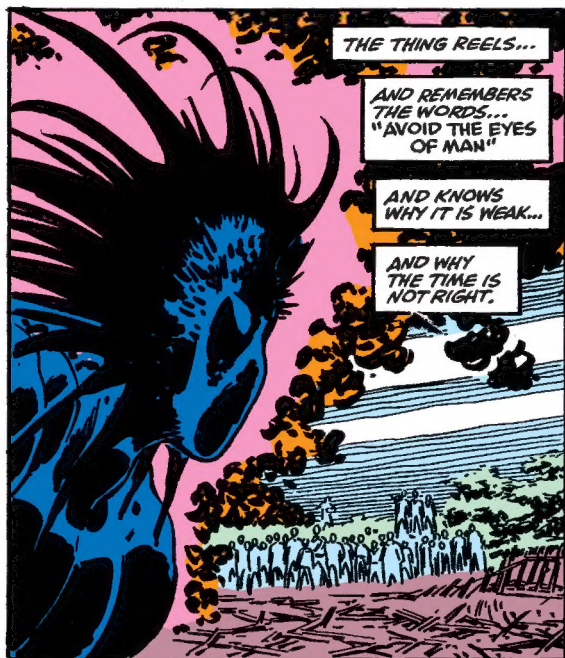
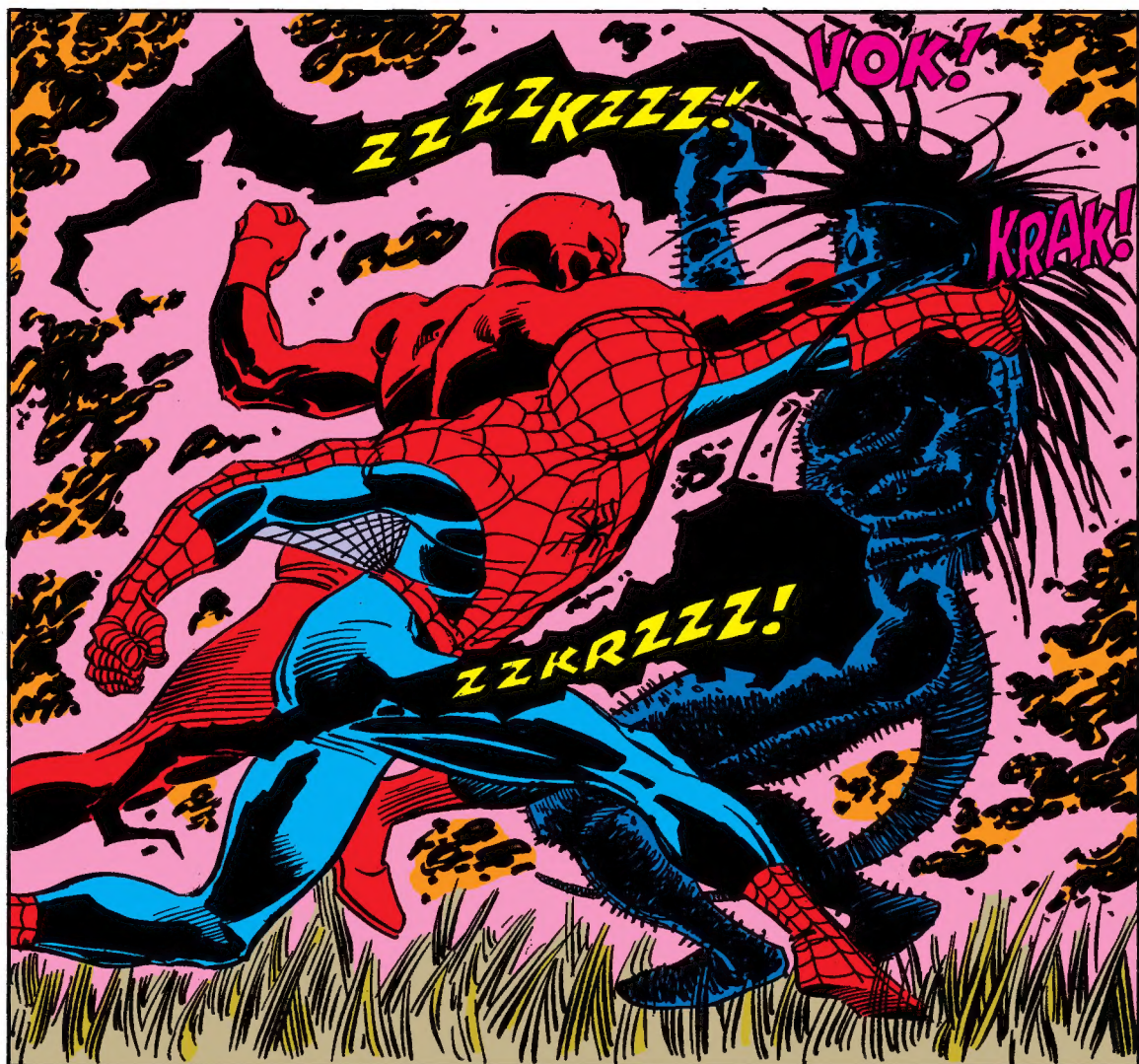
















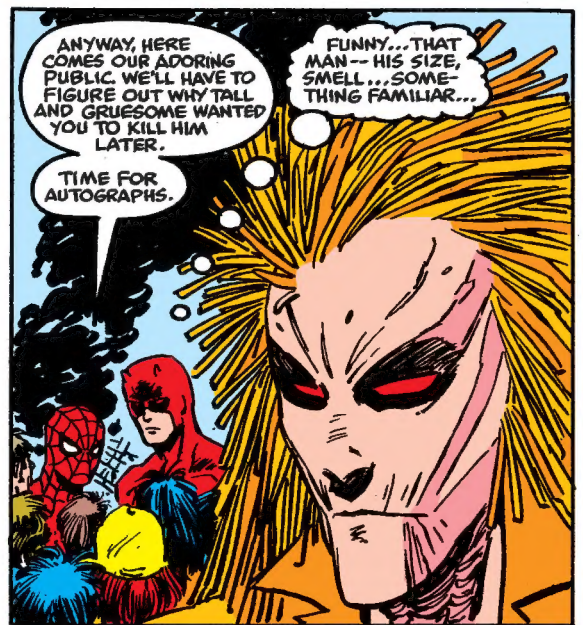
HEY, I'M KIDDING. DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF!

BUT HE'S STILL OUT THERE!

THEY'RE ALL STILL OUT THERE, D.D. THAT'S WHAT EVIL'S ALL ABOUT.

BUT WE'RE STILL HERE, TOO. AND THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THE WOLVES FROM THE DOOR.

YEAH.



ANYWAY, HERE COMES OUR ADORING PUBLIC. WE'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHY TALL AND GRUESOME WANTED YOU TO KILL HIM LATER.

FUNNY... THAT MAN -- HIS SIZE, SMELL... SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

TIME FOR AUTOGRAPHS.



YES, DAREDEVIL. WATCH AS I WALK AWAY.

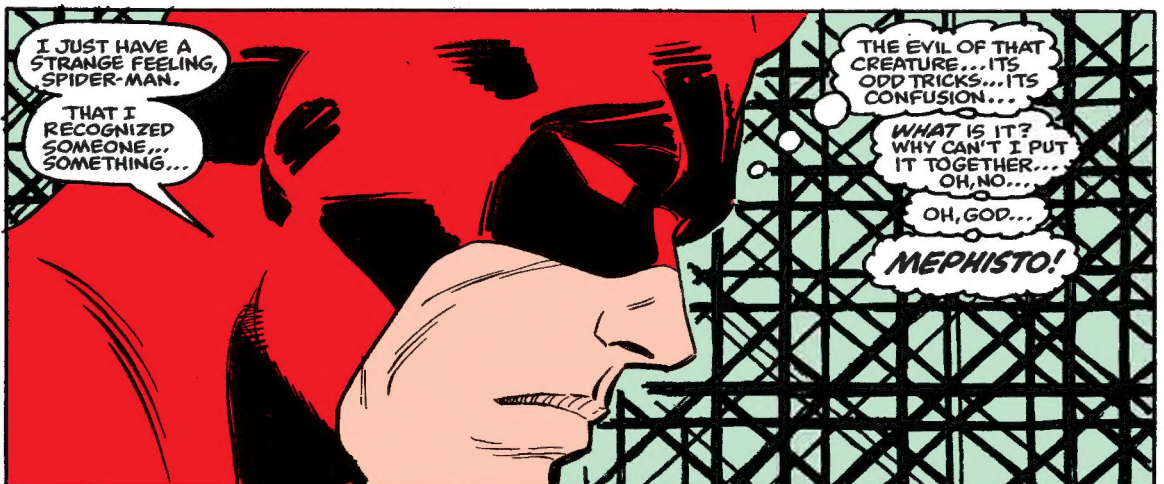
PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER... GO ON... IT'S ABOUT TO CLICK...

HAHAHAHA! HUMANS ARE SO OPTIMISTIC IT MAKES THEM BLIND TO THE OBVIOUS.



DARN IT! RIGHT AT THE EDGE OF MY MIND!

HEY, DAREDEVIL! QUIT IGNORING YOUR FANS! WHAT'S BUGGING YOU?



I JUST HAVE A STRANGE FEELING, SPIDER-MAN.

THAT I RECOGNIZED SOMEONE... SOMETHING...

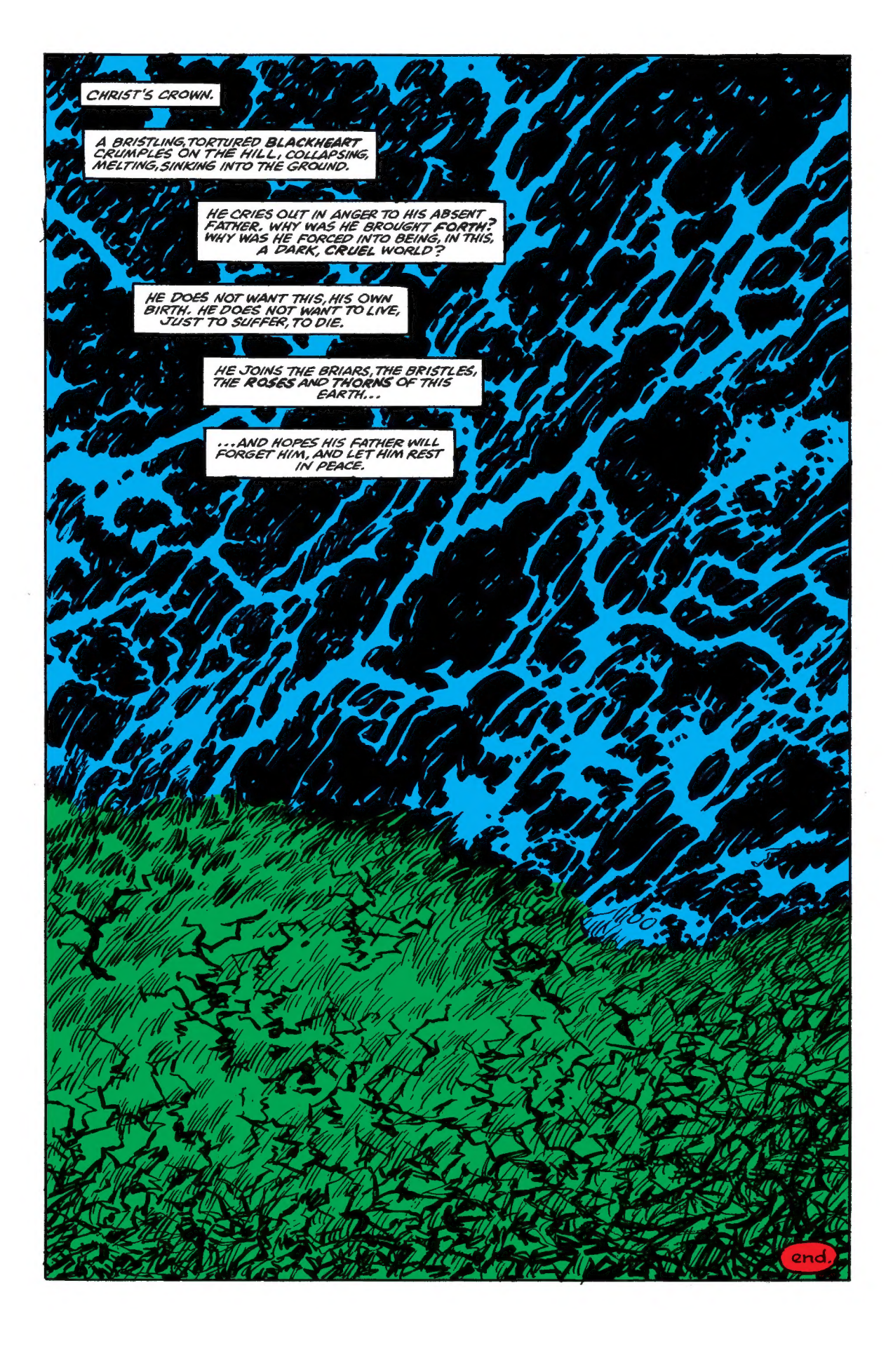
THE EVIL OF THAT CREATURE... ITS ODD TRICKS... ITS CONFUSION...

WHAT IS IT? WHY CAN'T I PUT IT TOGETHER... OH, NO...

OH, GOD...

**MEPHISTO!**





CHRIST'S CROWN.

A BRISTLING, TORTURED BLACKHEART  
CRUMPLES ON THE HILL, COLLAPSING,  
MELTING, SINKING INTO THE GROUND.

HE CRIES OUT IN ANGER TO HIS ABSENT  
FATHER. WHY WAS HE BROUGHT FORTH?  
WHY WAS HE FORCED INTO BEING, IN THIS,  
A DARK, CRUEL WORLD?

HE DOES NOT WANT THIS, HIS OWN  
BIRTH. HE DOES NOT WANT TO LIVE,  
JUST TO SUFFER, TO DIE.

HE JOINS THE BRIARS, THE BRISTLES,  
THE ROSES AND THORNS OF THIS  
EARTH...

...AND HOPES HIS FATHER WILL  
FORGET HIM, AND LET HIM REST  
IN PEACE.

end.